

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO. 50

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

SPECIAL SPORTS at the Fair.

Ball Fans May See Vulcan and Turrin Play at the Fair.

There is every indication that there will be a record number of entries in the livestock departments this year. There is a promise of a few vegetables in spite of the drouth, and there will again be an excellent inside exhibit. Those entering in the bread and bun classes should note that only standard war flour is to be used.

All departments will this year have out-of-town judges.

Arrangements are being made to have Turrin and Vulcan play ball as a special attraction the second day. On the first evening there will be an entertainment or picture show and on the second evening a dance.

There is an executive meeting called for Saturday evening, the 27th, all the officers are expected to be present.

RED CROSS NOTES

Money received by Red Cross Society during July:

Mrs. D. Williams, fees	\$ 2.00
Primary Class, Consolidated School	1.55
J. C. Jensen, from dance	17.00
Ice Cream Social	25.60
	\$46.15

The Red Cross Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Adams on Wednesday next in the evening at 7 o'clock, to sew. All interested are invited to attend.

The Society desires to thank the band for furnishing the music at the ice cream social.

The following letter of acknowledgement from Pte. A. C. Finley, speaks for itself:

Bramshott Camp, June 23rd.
The Red Cross Society,
Lomond.

I received your most welcome parcel to-night and wish to thank you all for the same. It is a great treat in this sweetless land. I just got back from the ranges to-day and it was a great treat after a seventeen mile march in battle order under a blazing sun. It is warmer here than it ever gets in Alberta. I got a letter from Art. to-day. He is still alive and says in his letter that I will like it better in France than here. I hope so, as I will soon be there. Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you all Godspeed in your great work. I remain your grateful friend.

3206138 Pte. A. C. Finley,
21st. Alberta Reserves,
Bramshott Camp,
England.

LOCALETS :

An organization meeting will be held in Lomond on Tuesday evening in the Associated Farmers offices to get a U.F.A. Local in running order.

Mrs. R. G. Wylie of Regina is spending a few weeks in Lomond as the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Williamson.

NOTICE—Parties pasturing horses on the Agricultural Society grounds are hereby notified to remove same immediately.

Lomond is to have a new dry goods and ladies' wear store. Mr. Salter, of Lacombe, who purchased the Greenwood property, is in town now getting ready to open his new stock.

The Lomond ball team is billed to play at Turrin this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Elves of Cayley visited at H. E. Elves' on Sunday last.

The South Alberta Irrigation Co. has a gang at work re-inforcing the west wing of the north dam, near Queenstown, preparatory to turning in the water this fall.

Mr. Gertz, inspector for the Canadian Fire Insurance Co., was in town on Tuesday and Wednesday in the interest of his company's business at this point.

The Red Cross Society is pulling off an ice cream feed to-morrow night.

The Rebekah installation took place on Tuesday, Mrs. G. B. Tibert, the retiring N.G., and Mr. Tibert, coming up from Barons for the occasion. D. D. G. M. Elves conducted the installation ceremonies. Refreshments were served at the termination of lodge work.

N. G., Sister Williamson.
V. G., Sister Adams.
Treas., Sister Phillips.
Fin. Sec., Sister Smith.
Rec. Sec., Sister King.
R. S. N. G., Sister Whipple.
L. S. N. G., Sister Benson.
R. S. V. G., Sister Williams.
L. S. V. G., Sister Beckett.
Chaplain, Sister Davies.
Warden, Sister Teskey.
Conductor, Sister Olson.
I. G., Bro. Adams.
O. G., Bro. Armstrong.

One of R. H. Dobson's horses fell asleep while tied on the street Saturday afternoon and broke wagon tongue into three pieces.

W. C. Lane of Taber, sheriff, has been around for a couple of days on an official visit. The Consolidated School Board made use of his services to wind up the last year's tax roll.

CHILD FATALLY BURNED

A sad accident with fatal results occurred at Amethyst on July 3rd., when little Leonard Gould, aged 1 year and three months, fell into a kettle of boiling water. The little lad was rushed to the Bassano hospital but the burns were of too severe a nature to give a chance for recovery and the child died the next morning. The funeral was held at Amethyst, Rev. Bird of Bow City conducting the services.

Mr. Gould was making ready to butcher a hog at the time of the accident. Sincere sympathy of the community is extended to the stricken parents.

BADGER LAKE

Stanley Trew spent Sunday with his parents, he and Mr. Jarvey coming out from Lethbridge via motorcycle.

School Secretary Stephens is walking on air these days, with thirty-one lady applicants camping after the job of teacher in the First Chance School.

We hear that the editor of this paper is threatened with sudden annihilation by "fisticuff" combat.

Billy Holmes is the happy father of another young son.

The post office has been moved to S. A. Trew's new residence.

Elmer Thompson has recovered from the effects the "gassing" received while working on the Overland.

Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Johnson and Fred Bratton left on Monday for Vanderhoof B. C.

Will Honess is carrying on some very suspicious building operations.

Badger Lake is the only comfortable looking spot on the landscape.

Mrs. Walker of Nanton is visiting with her sister, Mrs. A. C. Shaw.

Mr. Armstrong of Bow City has been doing considerable repair work on the First Chance school building.

There will be church service on Sunday the 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Durand were called down from Kinmundy on Thursday, for the funeral of John Koch.

Practically everyone took in the Travers sports on Wednesday.

NOTICE

All males twenty-one years and over residing within the bounds of the Lomond Consolidated School District and not paying taxes to the said school, must register with the Secretary Treasurer of the said school district not later than July 15th., 1918, for poll tax purposes.

L. M. SWAIN, Secretary.

TURRIN TAKES THE MONEY

Easy Pickin's in the Travers Sports for the Turrin Team.
Big Crowd Braves the Heat.

With "Old Sol" on the job and the thermometer just a sizzlin' the sports at Travers were pulled off in the presence of about a thousand people. Base ball provided the main entertainment. Lomond lost the first game to Travers by a small margin. This game was not too bad an exhibition at all. After dinner Turrin played rings around the Enchant teams and practically did the same thing when they picked off the money from the Travers team in the final game. We sure have got to hand it to the Turrin boys when it comes to playing team ball.

The smaller athletic events filled in an hour or so of the afternoon. The tug-of-war got no support, while the Ed. and Frau proved to be the fastest running married couple on the grounds.

The Lomond Band was on duty all day and played tunes in a profusion of numbers, much to the satisfaction of the crowd.

The Red Cross ladies were kept busy the entire day catering to the appetite of the crowd and had everything arranged to handle the service to advantage. In the evening a large crowd attended the dance in Paulson's Hall that brought the end of a perfect day.

LOCALETS

Ford Cotton has rented the Varcoe residence from John Holo and has taken over Homer King's repair business.

T. A. Kennedy, Robt. Shields and Miss Enders motored to Calgary for a week-end outing.

Chas. Reedman and August Nieman left on Wednesday for Vancouver to take up carpenter work in the ship yards.

Mrs. Greenwood's sale went off with a reasonable degree of success on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Greenwood returned to Retlaw on Wednesday morning's train.

Mr. Hoydge who has been teaching as principal of the Brooks school is back around his farm for the holidays.

Condensed Advs.

TANK FOR SALE
Half-round twelve barrel tank for sale cheap.—Apply to Jos. Rodgers.

FOR RENT OR FOR SALE
Three-roomed house on Centre street Lomond. Apply to Elvin Benson.

O. Henry Stories

IV.—The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss.

(Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.)



GO sometimes into the Bierhalle and restaurant called Old Munich. Not long ago it was a resort of interesting Bohemians, but now only artists and musicians and literary folk frequent

it. But the Pilsner is yet good, and I take some diversion from the conversation of waiter No. 18.

For many years the customers of Old Munich have accepted the place as a faithful copy from the ancient German town. The big hall with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe and verses painted on the walls—translated into German from the original of the Cincinnati poets—seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass.

But not long ago the proprietors added the room above, called it the Little Rheinschloss and built in a stairway. Up there was an imitation stone parapet, ivy covered, and the walls were painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyarded slopes and the castle of Ehrenbreitstein looming directly opposite the entrance. Of course there were tables and chairs, and you could have beer and food brought you.

I went into Old Munich one afternoon when there were few customers and sat at my usual table near the stairway. I was shocked and almost disconcerted to perceive that the glass cigar case by the orchestra stand had been smashed to smithereens. I did not like things to happen in Old Munich. Nothing had ever happened there before.

Walter No. 18 came and breathed on my neck. I was his by right of discovery. Eighteen's brain was built like a corral. It was full of ideas which, when he opened the gate, came huddling out like a flock of sheep that might get together afterward or might not. I did not shine as a shepherd. As a type Eighteen fitted nowhere. I did not find out if he had a nationality, family, creed, grievance, hobby, soul, preference, home or vote. He only came always to my table and, as long as his leisure would permit, let words flutter from him like swallows leaving a barn at daylight.

"How did the cigar case come to be broken, Eighteen?" I asked with a certain feeling of personal grievance.

"I can tell you about that, sir," said he, resting his foot on the chair next to mine. "Did you ever have anybody hand you a double handful of good luck while both your hands was full of bad luck, and stop to notice how your fingers behaved?"

"No riddles, Eighteen," said I. "Leave out palmistry and manuring."

"You remember," said Eighteen, "the guy in the hammered brass Prince Albert and the oriole gold pants and the amalgamated copper hat, that carried the combination meat ax, ice pick and liberty pole, and used to stand on the first landing as you go up to the Little Rindslosh?"

"Why, yes," said I. "The halberdier. I never noticed him particularly. I remember I thought he was only a suit of armor. He had a perfect poise."

"He had more than that," said

Money to Loan

On Improved Farm Land.

Interest at 8 per cent. per annum.

The Lomond Realty Company

H. E. ELVES

Joint Managers

L. M. SWAIN

Eighteen. "He was me friend. He was an advertisement. The boss hired him to stand on the stairs for a kind of scenery to show there was something doing in the has-been line upstairs. What did you call him—a what kind of a beer?"

"A halberdier," said I. "That was an ancient man-at-arms of many hundred years ago."

"Some mistake," said Eighteen. "This one wasn't that old. He wasn't over twenty-three or four."

"It was the boss' idea, rigging a man up in an antebellum suit of tinware and standing him on the landing of the slosh. He bought the goods at a Fourth avenue antique store and hung a sign out: 'Ablebodied halberdier wanted. Costume furnished.'

The same morning a young man with wrecked good clothes and a hunched look comes in, bringing the sign with him. I was filling the mustard pots at my station.

"I'm it," says he, "whatever it is. But I never halberdiered in a restaurant. Put me on. Is it a masquerade?"

"I hear talk in the kitchen of a fish ball," says I.

"Bully for you, Eighteen," says he. "You and I'll get on. Show me the boss' desk."

"Well, the boss tries the Harveyized pajamas on him, and they fitted him like the scales on a baked red snapper, and he gets the job. You've seen what it is. He stood straight up in the corner of the first landing with his halberd to his shoulder, looking right ahead and guarding the Portugals of the castle. The boss is nutty about having the true old world flavor to his joint. 'Halberdiers goes with Rindsloshes,' says he, 'just as rats goes with ratskellers and white cotton stockings with Tyrolean villages. The boss is a kind of a antologist and is all posted up on data and such information.'

"From 8 p. m. to 2 in the morning was the halberdier's hours. He got two meals with us help and \$1 a night. I eat with him at the table. He liked me. He never told his name. He was traveling impromptu, like kings, I guess. The first time at supper I says to him, 'Have some more of the spuds, Mr. Freilinghuysen.' 'Oh, don't be so formal and offish. Eighteen,' says he. 'Call me Hal—that's short for halberdier.' 'Oh, don't think I wanted to pry for names,' says I. 'I know all about the dizzy fall from wealth and greatness. We've got a count washing dishes in the kitchen, and the third bartender used to be a Pullman conductor. And they work, Sir Percival,' says I, sarcastic.

"Eighteen," says he, "as a friendly devil in a cabbage scented hell, would

you mind cutting up this piece of steak for me? I don't say that it's got more muscle than I have, but— And then he shows me the insides of his bands. They was blistered and cut and corned and swelled up till they looked like a couple of flank steaks crisscrossed with a knife—the kind the butchers hide and take home, knowing what is the best."

"Shoveling coal," says he, "and piling bricks and loading drays. But they gave out, and I had to resign. I was born for a halberdier, and I've been educated for twenty-four years to fill the position. Now quit knocking my profession and pass along a lot more of that ham. I'm holding the closing exercises," says he, "of a forty-eight hour fast."

"The second night he was on the job he walks down from his corner to the cigar case and calls for cigarettes. The customers at the tables all snicker out loud to show their acquaintance with history. The boss is on."

"An' let's see—oh, yes, 'An anarchism,' says the boss. 'Cigarettes was not made at the time when halberdiers was invented.'

"The ones you sell was," says Sir Percival. "Caporal wins from chronology by the length of a cork tip." So he gets 'em and lights one and puts the box in his brass helmet and goes back to patrolling the Rindslosh.

"He made a big hit, specially with the ladies. Some of 'em would poke him with their fingers to see if he was real or only a kind of a stuffed figure like they burn in elegy. And when he'd move they'd squeak and make eyes at him as they went up to the slosh. He looked fine in his halberdierery. He slept at \$2 a week in a hall room on Third avenue. He invited me up there one night. He had a little book on the washstand that he read instead of shopping in the saloons after hours. 'I'm on to that,' says I, 'from reading about it in novels. All the heroes on the bum carry the little book. It's either Tantalus or Liver or Horace and is printed in Latin, and you're a college man. And I wouldn't be surprised,' says I, 'if you wasn't educated too.' But it was only the batting averages of the league for the last ten years."

"One night about half past 11 there comes in a party of these high rollers that are always hunting up new places to eat in and poke fun at. There was a swell girl in a forty H.-P. auto tan coat and veil, and a fat old man with white side whiskers, and a young chap that couldn't keep his feet off the tail of the girl's coat, and an oldish lady that looked upon life as immoral and



"I'm halberdiering for my living," says the statue.

unnecessary. "How perfectly delightful," they says, "to sup in a slosh." Up the stairs they go, and in half a minute back down comes the girl, her skirts swishing like the waves on the beach. She stops on the landing and looks our halberdier in the eye.

"You," she says, with a smile that reminded me of lemon sherbet. I was waiting upstairs in the slosh, then, and I was right down here by the door, putting some vinegar and cayenne into an empty bottle of tabasco, and I heard all they said.

"It," says Sir Percival, without moving. "I'm only local color. Are my hauberk, helmet and halberd on straight?"

"Is there any explanation to this?" says she. "Is it a practical joke, such as men play in those Griddlecake and Lamb clubs? I'm afraid I don't see the point. I heard, vaguely, that you were away. For three months I—we have not seen you or heard from you."

"I'm halberdiering for my living," says the statue. "I'm working," says he. "I don't suppose you know what work means."

"Have you—have you lost your money?" she asks.

"Sir Percival studies a minute.

"I am poorer," says he, "than the

poorest sandwich man on the street—if I don't earn my living.'

"You call this work?" says she. "I thought a man worked with his hands or his head instead of becoming a mountebank."

"The calling of a halberdier," says he, "is an ancient and honorable one. Sometimes," says he, "the man-at-arms at the door has saved the castle while the plumed knights were cake walking in the banquet halls above."

"I see you're not ashamed," says she, "of your peculiar tastes. I wonder, though, that the manhood I used to think I saw in you didn't prompt you to draw water or brew wood instead of publicly flaunting your ignominy in this disgraceful masquerade."

"Sir Percival kind of rattles his armor and says: 'Helen, will you suspend sentence in this matter for just a little while? You don't understand,' says he. 'I've got to hold this job down a bit longer.'

"You like being a harlequin—or halberdier, as you call it?" says she.

"I wouldn't get thrown out of the job just now," says he, with a grin, "to be appointed minister to the court of St. James."

"And then the forty H.-P. girl's eyes sparkled as hard as diamonds.

"Very well," says she. "You shall have full run of your serving man's tastes this night." And she swims over to the boss' desk and gives him a smile that knocks the specks off his nose.

"I think your Rindslösh," says she, "is as beautiful as a dream. It is a little slice of the old world set down in New York. We shall have a nice supper up there, but if you will grant us one favor the illusion will be perfect—give us your halberdier to wait on our table."

"That hit the boss' anthology hobby just right. 'Sure,' says he, 'dot will be fine. Und der orchestra shall play "Die Wacht am Rhein" all der time.' And he goes over and tells the halberdier to go upstairs and hustle the grub at the swells' table.

"I'm on the job," says Sir Percival, taking off his helmet and hanging it on his halberd and leaning 'em in the corner. The girl goes up and takes her seat, and I see her jaw squared tight under her smile. "We're going to be waited on by a real halberdier," says she, "one who is proud of his profession. Isn't it sweet?"

"Ripping," says the swell young man. "Much prefer a waiter," says the fat old gent. "I hope he doesn't come from a cheap museum," says the old lady; "he might have microbes in his costume."

"Before he goes to the table Sir Percival takes me by the arm. 'Eighteen,' says he, "I've got to pull off this job without a blunder. You coach me straight, or I'll take that halberd and make hash out of you." And then he goes up to the table with his coat of mail on and a napkin over his arm and waits for the order.

"Why, it's Deering!" says the young swell. "Hello, old man. What the—"

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupts the halberdier, "I'm waiting on the table."

"The old man looks at him grim, like a Boston bull. "So, Deering," he says, "you're at work yet?"

"Yes, sir," says Sir Percival, quiet and gentlemanly as I could have been myself, "for almost three months now."

"You haven't been discharged during the time?" asks the old man.

"Not once, sir," says he, "though I've had to change my work several times."

"Walter," orders the girl, short and sharp, "another napkin." He brings her one, respectful.

"I never saw more devil, if I may say it, stirred up in a lady. There were two bright red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked exactly like a wildcat's I'd seen in the zoo. Her foot kept slapping the floor all the time.

"Walter," she orders, "bring me filtered water without ice. Bring me a footstool. Take away this empty salt cellar." She kept him on the jump. She was sure giving the halberdier his.

"There wasn't but a few customers up in the slosh at that time, so I hung out near the door so I could help Sir Percival serve.

"He got along fine with the olives and celery and the blue points. They was easy. And then the consomme came up the dumb waiter all in one big silver tureen. Instead of serving it from the side table he picks it up between his hands and starts to the dining table with it. When nearly there he drops the tureen smash on the floor, and the soup soaks all the lower part of that girl's swell silk dress.

"Stupid—Incompetent!" says she, giving him a look. "Standing in a corner with a halberd seems to be your mission in life."

"Pardon me, lady," says he. "It was just a little bit hotter than blazes. I couldn't help it."

"The old man pulls out a memorandum book and hunts in it. 'The 25th of April, Deering,' says he. "I know it," says Sir Percival. "And ten minutes to 12 o'clock," says the old man. "By Jupiter, you haven't won yet!" And he pounds the table with his fist and yells to me: 'Walter, call the manager at once. Tell him to hurry here as fast as he can.' I go after the boss and old Brockmann hikes up to the slosh on the jump.

"I want this man discharged at once!" roars the old guy. "Look what he's done. Ruined my daughter's dress. It'll cost at least \$600. Discharge this awkward lout at once or I'll sue you for the price of it."

"Dis is bad bizness," says the boss. Six hundred dollars is much. I reckon I'll hab to—"

"Wait a minute. Herr Brockmann," says Sir Percival, easy and smiling. But he was corked up under his tin suitings; I could see that. And then

he made the finest, neatest little speech I ever listened to. I can't give you the words, of course. He give the millionaires a lovely roast in a sarcastic way, describing their automobiles and opera boxes and diamonds. And then he got around to the working classes and the kind of grub they eat and the long hours they work and all that kind of stuff—bunkum, of course. "The restless rich," says he, "never content with their luxuries, always prowling among the haunts of the poor and humble, amusing themselves with the imperfections and misfortunes of their fellow men and women. And even here, Herr Brockmann," he says, "in this beautiful Rindslösh, a grand and

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

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enlightening reproduction of old world history and architecture, they come to disturb its symmetry and picturesque ness by demanding in their arrogance that the halberdier of the castle wait upon their table! I have faithfully and conscientiously, says he, 'performed my duties as a halberdier. I know nothing of a waiter's duties. It was the insolent whim of these transient, pampered aristocrats that I should be detailed to serve them food. Must I be blamed—must I be deprived of the means of a livelihood,' he goes on, 'on account of an accident that was the

result of their own presumption and haughtiness? But what hurts me more than all,' says Sir Percival, 'is the desecration that has been done to this splendid Rindslosh—the confiscation of its halberdier to serve menially at the banquet board.'

"Even I could see that this stuff was piffle, but it caught the boss.

"Mein Gott," says he, "you was right. Ein halberdier have not got der right to dish up soup. Him I vill not discharge. Have anoder waiter if you like und let mein halberdier go back und stand mit his halberd. But, gen tiemen," he says, pointing to the old man, "you go ahead and sue mit der dress. Sue me for \$600 or \$6,000. I stand der suit." And the boss puffs off downstairs. Old Brockmann was an all right Dutchman.

"Just then the clock strikes 12, and the old guy laughs loud. 'You win Deering,' says he. 'Let me explain to all,' he goes on. 'Some time ago Mr. Deering asked me for something that I did not want to give him.' (I looks at the girl, and she twirrs as red as a pickled beet.) 'I told him,' says the old guy, 'if he would earn his own living for three month without once being discharged for incompetence I would give him what he wanted. It seems that the time was up at 12 o'clock to night, I came near fetching you,



"I want this man discharged at once!" roars the old guy.

though, Deering, on that soup question," says the old boy, standing up and grabbing Sir Percival's hand.

"The halberdier lets out a yell and jumps three feet high.

"Look out for those hands," says he and he holds 'em up. You never saw such hands except on a laborer in a limestone quarry.

"Heavens, boy," says old side whiskers, "what have you been doing to 'em?"

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L. H. Phillips

"Oh," says Sir Percival, "little chores like hauling coal and excavating rock till they went back on me. And when I couldn't hold a pick or a whip I took up halberdiering to give 'em a rest. Tureens full of hot soup don't seem to be a particularly soothing treatment."

"I would have bet on that girl. That high tempered kind always go as far the other way, according to my experience. She whizzed round the table like a cyclone and catches both his hands in hers. 'Poor hands! Dear hands!' she sings out and sheds tears on 'em and holds 'em close to her bosom. Well, sir, with all the Rindslosh scenery it was just like a play. And the halberdier sits down at the table at the girl's side, and I served the rest of the supper. And that was about all, except that he shed his hardware store and went with 'em."

"But you haven't told me, Eighteen," said I, "how the cigar case came to be broken."

"Oh, that was last night!" said Eighteen. "Sir Percival and the girl drove up in a cream colored motorcar and had dinner in the Rindslosh. 'The same table, Billy,' I heard her say as

they went up. I waited on 'em. We've got a new halberdier, a bowlegged guy with a face like a sheep. As they came downstairs Sir Percival passes him a ten case note. The new halberdier drops his halberd, and it falls on the cigar case. That's how that happened."

NOTICE

I have leased the section 35-16-20 and hereby notify the general public is hereby notified that any trespassers will be prosecuted.—Jos. Rodgers.

Professional Cards.

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The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.

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RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, JULY 19, 1918

NOTES

Several farmers are complaining of the weed pest allowed to flourish on adjoining lands. A dry year always makes plenty of work for the weed inspector and now is the time for him to get on the job.

The Allies have made a fine little punch on the West Front. Two can play at this offensive stunt.

The present crop failure has occasioned little or no panic in this part of the province. In no quarter is there any evidence of the usual tendency to sacrifice land and stock values; but, on the contrary, the farmers are setting to work on the preparation of a greater acreage than ever before. If history repeats itself South Alberta will set a record in production in 1919. Wait and see!

Those of you who can had better pick up your seed wheat out of the 1917 crop left in the country. It save you money, time and trouble.

The Department of Agriculture is taking steps to prevent profiteering in the hay business.

Squirrel juice whiskey found a ready market the night of the Travers sports at \$10.00 per bottle—with the usual results.

JOHN KOCH SUCCUMBS TO EYRSIPILAS

John Koch, one of the pioneer residents of the Kinnondale district, died early Wednesday morning from effects of a brief attack of eyrsipilas. The funeral took place on Thursday morning the interment being made in the Lomond cemetery. Rev. Father Bidault of Lethbridge conducted the burial services.

Get the Famous
"Maltum" Beer
from
Dad Cox

Coal & Lumber

No order too large or none too small to receive our prompt attention at any time, either in the Coal, Lumber and Paint and Oil business.

We make Screen Doors and Windows at Reasonable prices.

We are sole agents in Lomond for the Celebrated Bow City Coal. Stock always on hand.

Blacksmith Coal carried in stock.

Associated Farmers, Ltd.

R. W. MILLER, Manager.

Binder Repairs!

Look over your old machine. Pick out the broken parts, and where possible get the number, bring them in to us. We will do the rest. Our desire is to give you the best possible service. Your attention to the above request will greatly assist us in this matter. Do it now!

Twine!

We are again in the market with "DEERING STANDARD". 60,000 lbs. sold last year without a complaint. What better recommendation do you want?

Drop in and lease your order for this season's requirements.

Kaustine Toilets

We are agents for "KAUSTINE TOILETS." Require no water or sewer. Odorless. Sanitary. Will last a lifetime. Strongly recommended for the home or the school.

Easy to buy, install and operate.

Axelson & Williamson

I. H. C. AGENTS

LOMOND, ALTA.

The "SAMSON" Tractor Massey-Harris Implements



W. A. TESKEY

Agent for
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS - MORSE CO.

Amethyst Red Cross

Shall I point out to you the member of our society who is most popular? It is the one whom you feel like consulting if there is to be anything done, the one whose face always appears with a smile. Remember, a smile is worth a dozen groans in any market; and, our society consists of smiling workers.

Our officers are most efficient. Our President we proudly claim. While for thorough, active workers Our Vice-Presidents I would name.

You all know our beloved treasurer; Long may the books be in her hands, Since our accounts and our proceedings She looketh to and understands.

And with them are all our members, Working with their might and will To assist in this grand mission, And our great purpose to fulfill.

Let us then be hopeful, cheerful, And help to make all others so. The "golden rule" we will remember, A rule we all must surely know.

So we'll journey toward the sunrise, Far from where it goeth down; And in one vast Red Cross company We'll win the golden crown.

o o o

The Red Cross meeting held at the home of Mrs. S. P. Somerville on June 27th, was a decided success. There was a large attendance and two new members united with the society. The hostess served a dainty luncheon to the fifty members and visitors present.

o o o

The members of the Red Cross held a picnic on July 1st., on the banks of the Big Bow River. Everybody came and amused themselves at tennis, croquet and fishing—all proclaimed a good time. The picnic was followed by a dance at night in the Amethyst school.

o o o

The subsequent meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Hunt on July 11th. Everybody came and w-o-r-k-e-d. The following articles were completed:

One dozen cotton binders.

Two dozen T bandages.

Two dozen P. P. bags.

Three dozen pillow cases.

Another willing worker joined the society.

o o o

On Thursday next, July 25th., the regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Carrington. All interested invited. Come!

GET LINED UP . . .

For Lomond's Big Fair on August 6th. and 7th.
Big Program of Sports Both Days.
Prizes Paid the Day of Fair.

Hot Weather

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY FOR EVERYBODY

"Holeproof" Hosiery ---- no holes for six months.
That's the Guarantee and it's True.

All Sizes in

Black - White - Tan.

Men's Canvas Footwear and

A Large Variety of Men's Dress Shirts, Ties, Etc.

Panama Hats at - - - - - \$4.00

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER
AND EGGS.

Elliott, Argue & Co.